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this newspaper man is as ridiculous as it is offensive; we could let it pass for what it is worth. His brutal attack on Mr. Bryan, however, is like a knock-down blow to any man or woman of nice feeling.

We deplore the fact that you have allowed these cruel insults to stain the pages of this REVIEW, many of the articles of which we enjoy much.

L. H. UNDERWOOD, M.D.

"An English View of Mr. Bryan" was what Mr. Sydney Brooks aimed to present, and we are convinced that he did so with substantial accuracy. Because that judgment does not conform to American opinion or to our own does not to our mind constitute a sound reason for refusing publication. On the contrary, what can be more enlightening or helpful than occasionally to "see ourself's as others see us"?—EDITOR.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SIR,—This letter is just to ask you a question which was suggested to my mind after reading "The Man in the Moon" in the July number of the REVIEW. Optimistic as your article is, it nevertheless sets one thinking about the conditions of modern life so systematically and hopefully explained.

We people of America boast that our great country is the "Melting Pot" of the world, that the vast acres of fertile land stretch out beseechingly to help the poor and oppressed to a better living. We welcome in all our harbors and cities people of every nation and—that is all. They reach New York, and, lured by the maze of life and apparent gaiety, stay on and on. The result is—our present struggle, not only in New York, but in every city of any size, to relieve the suffering in certain congested districts.

What should be done, and what is being done to a certain small extent, is to urge these strangers out to the land; to take up acres of it and to farm them. Ah—but "to urge" are not the right words, for this cannot be all that our country should do for them. I happened to be riding in a day-coach from Montana through Wyoming and down into South Dakota this summer. At some little place in Wyoming a man and woman and five children got on the train. The man was perhaps thirty-five years old. The woman was tall and fine-looking, hardly more than twenty-nine or thirty years old. The children—three boys and two girls—ranged from nine to two years. They carried with them all their possessions, two battered satchels and a large pasteboard box. They were going, so the mother told me, "back home, el'ar to Missouri." This meant a two days' and two nights' journey in a *day-coach*.

"Yes," she said, "we started out four years ago, with our oldest boy, to take up land in Wyoming. Every one told it was fine, and we allowed we'd make our claim good. But we didn't." Each winter we were there it seemed as though it was longer and harder, and each summer the crops seemed smaller. We hadn't any money to buy stock with and so we had to hire a team to do the ploughing! Last winter was the hardest of the four. Our claim was eighteen miles from the village, and the snow piled up in great drifts; some were nineteen feet deep. It took my husband and two men three days to go to the village. They had to go; you see, our provisions had given out and the neighbors' cattle were starving. We borrowed among the neighbors all around, but at last everything gave out."

Even in summer their hopes were blighted in an hour by the terrible hail-storms that made weeds of a field of promising beans.

These are but two of the incidents which this woman told me, illustrating their hopeless struggle with the elements. What is the solution? How can we help these people to get a firm hold upon their acres so that the incentive to work may lie in possession? The people who have succeeded in claiming land did it years ago, or came West with enough money to get along without the profits of the first few years.

If you have ever ridden across North Dakota in the summer and seen the sunset in purple radiance on the rolling prairies and the lazy cattle grazing on the short green stubble, you will be impressed by the vastness of America more than by climbing the highest mountain peak. The quiet land seems to hold every hope for possession and yet—in the terribleness of a tempest it seems angry with itself for luring into its wilderness the humble folk who now must battle with the wrath of God.

CATHERINE M. TAINST.